TO

Mr. *PHILIPS*,

On his Late

Poetry in Ireland.

——Verſus inopes Rerum, nugæque canoſæ.

GENTLE Poet, Brother Swain,
I have read thy tuneful Strain;
I have heard, and I admire
The ſoft Muſick of thy Lyre,
And thy Verſe inſpiring Pleaſure,
Tripping on in eaſy Meaſure;
And thy pretty ſwimming Metre,
Sweeter ev'ry Line and ſweeter.

Where the *Liffy* meets the Main,
Who e'er read ſo ſoft a Strain?
Who e'er read, or who e'er heard,
Such a ſmooth Harmonious Bard?
Such a Glib Poetick Medley?
They who've read that Pattern, *SMEDLEY*.

But, O Poet! But, O Brother!
Author of *Diſtreſſed Mother:*
Poet *Iriſh*, Poet *Engliſh*,
(For I will not here diſtinguiſh.)

Thus thou may'ſt from Morn to Night,
Volumes fluently Indite;
Thus thou may'ſt from Youth to Prime,
Verſes gag with eaſy Rhyme.

Thus thou may'ſt from Prime to Age,
In the ſelf ſame Art engage;
Without Pumping, without Trouble,
Jingling on, Hub—bubble—bubble.
Thus thou may'ſt with Crambo clever,
Rhyme and Chime, and Rhyme for ever.

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